

# THE CAVIAR CAT



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With his new gear in hand, Chester receives lessons from Caviar on how to be truly cool—not just in appearance, but in attitude and approach to life. Confidence, poise, and real connections are on the agenda.

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Chester begins to test out what he’s learned. He interacts with new friends, tries out his cool, calm confidence, and realizes how much he's grown. It's a journey of transformation, from fitting in to owning his space.

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Caviar, having taught Chester everything he can, gives him a final lesson before disappearing. Chester now feels ready to face the world on his own, his inner coolness solidified. The path ahead is his to choose.

FADE IN:

EXT. CELESTIAL PLAZA - DAY

A place of pure light and golden clouds. CAVIAR, a perfectly groomed black cat, sits regally on a velvet pillow.

ORACLE (V.O.)

Caviar. Your next assignment is ready.

Caviar licks a paw, unbothered.

CAVIAR

(Smooth, posh voice)

I hope it involves a yacht this time. The last mission in that dusty library was... taxing for my coat.

ORACLE (V.O.)

It involves CHESTER. A twelve-year-old boy with a heart of gold and the coordination of a newborn giraffe. He is lonely, Caviar. He needs your... unique skills.

A shimmering portal opens. Caviar sighs, standing up and stretching.

CAVIAR

A clumsy nerd? Very well. I suppose someone has to teach him the art of the "cool walk."

Caviar steps into the light.

INT. CHESTER'S BEDROOM - DAY

A room filled with science posters, half-built robots, and piles of books.

CHESTER (12, wearing one striped sock and one polka-dot sock) trips over a rogue textbook. He crashes into his desk, sending a jar of pens flying.

CHESTER

(To himself)

Ouch. Not again.

He sighs, sitting on the floor and pushing up his glasses. He looks at a photo of a group of kids laughing. He looks truly lonely.

Suddenly, a "POOF" of purple smoke appears on his bed.

Caviar sits there, looking around the messy room with pure disgust.

CAVIAR

Rule number one, Chester. Horizontal stripes with polka dots? We have a lot of work to do.

Chester jumps, his eyes widening.

CHESTER

A... a talking cat?

CAVIAR

(Adjusting an invisible tie)

I am Caviar. And I am here to make sure you never trip over your own feet—or your own words—ever again. Now, stand up. We're going shopping.

FADE OUT.

(Whispering)

Caviar, I don't think "cool" lives here. I think this is where sweaters go to die.

CAVIAR is perched on a rolling rack of coats, looking like a black velvet gargoyle. He sniffs the air with a look of extreme judgment.

CAVIAR

Patience, Chester. Style isn't bought at the mall; it's excavated. Now, move. Third rack on the left. The one that looks like a neon nightmare.

Chester walks over and pulls out a bright orange windbreaker.



CHESTER

This?

CAVIAR

(Hissing)

Drop it! That is 100% polyester sadness. Look behind it. The navy blazer with the brass buttons.

Chester pulls out a heavy, dark blue blazer. It looks plain.

CHESTER

It's just a jacket.

## CAVIAR

It's a vintage 1980s Balenciaga. Touch the fabric. Real wool doesn't "crunch" when you squeeze it; it breathes. And look at the buttons—they're heavy, cold to the touch. Real brass, not painted plastic.

Chester checks the price tag. \$12.00. He beams. Then, he spots a shirt with a "GUCCI" logo in giant gold letters.

CHESTER

Whoa! Caviar, look! A Gucci shirt! Only five bucks!

Caviar leaps down, walks over to the shirt, and stares at it for exactly one second.

CAVIAR

(Deadpan)

That is a "Gocci." Look at the "O." It's an oval, not a perfect circle. The stitching on the label is so crooked I think a raccoon did it. If you wear that, the only thing people will think is that you're a "lonely nerd" who can't spell.

Chester quickly puts it back. Caviar trots toward the back of the store, his tail twitching.

CAVIAR

Wait. I smell... Caviar leather.

He stops in front of a bin of old bags and points a paw at a small, quilted black bag buried under a pile of scarves.

CAVIAR

Pull that out. Carefully.

Chester pulls out a small, classic bag with interlocking "C"s.

CHESTER

Is it real?

CAVIAR

Examine the logo. The right "C" must overlap the left at the top, and the left must overlap at the bottom. Feel the leather—it should be "bumpy" but soft, not stiff like a car tire.

Chester checks. He nods, his eyes widening.

CHESTER

It's perfect. It even has a tiny serial number inside.

CAVIAR

(Purring)

That, my clumsy friend, is a Chanel Classic Flap. It's worth more than your dad's car, and it's sitting in a \$5 "Everything Must Go" bin.

Chester looks at the blazer in one hand and the bag in the other. He stands a little taller.

CHESTER

I think I'm starting to get it.

CAVIAR

Good. Now, let's find you some jeans that weren't designed for a suburban grandpa. Move!

FADE OUT.

In a screenplay, this is the perfect moment for a "Mentor vs. Student" debate. Caviar wants high-fashion drama, while Chester just wants to survive 7th grade without being laughed at.

The Script: The Great Pants Debate

INT. "SECOND CHANCES" THRIFT STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Caviar is now standing on top of a tall wooden shelf, looking down at the pants rack. He points a sharp claw at a pair of jet-black, shimmering trousers.



## CAVIAR

There. Italian Lambskin Leather. Hand-stitched in Florence. They're buttery, they're bold, and they say, "I have arrived."

Chester pulls them off the rack. They make a loud SQUEAK as he unfolds them.

## CHESTER

Caviar... these are leather. Like, Catwoman leather. I'm twelve! If I wear these to math class, I'll squeak every time I try to solve an equation. I'll sound like a wet balloon!

CAVIAR

(Tail flicking)

Style requires sacrifice, Chester. Do you want to be "comfortable" or do you want to be iconic?

CHESTER

I want to be able to sit down without the popular kids calling me "Squeaky Pete." I think I'm too young for Italian leather.

CAVIAR

(Sighs dramatically)

Fine. Your lack of "avant-garde" spirit is noted. Put them back. But if we're doing denim, we're doing it right. Look for the Red Tab.

Chester digs through the jeans. He pulls out a pair of dark, stiff denim.

CHESTER

These feel like they're made of cardboard.

CAVIAR

That is Raw Japanese Selvedge Denim. Look at the inside of the cuff. See that clean, red-and-white edge? That means they were made on an old-school loom. They aren't "cardboard," Chester—they're a canvas. They'll mold to your body until they fit you better than your own skin.

CHESTER

(Checking the tag)

"Made in Okayama." They're \$10.

CAVIAR

A steal. They're classic, they're smart, and most importantly... they don't squeak.

Chester tosses the jeans over his shoulder, feeling more confident.

CHESTER

Okay, I've got the Balenciaga blazer, the Neiman Marcus cashmere, and the Japanese denim. I think I actually look...

CAVIAR

(Interrupting)

Don't say "cool." We aren't finished. You're still wearing those "orthopedic-looking" sneakers. We need Italian leather loafers. No socks.

CHESTER

No socks? In the winter?

CAVIAR

Beauty knows no season, Chester. Move!

FADE OUT.

In a script, this is the perfect moment to show Caviar's "High-Fashion Snobbery" versus Chester's "Safe Nerd" instincts. Caviar would absolutely despise the Gap or any "mall brand" that doesn't have a story.

The Script: The Denim Duel

INT. "SECOND CHANCES" THRIFT STORE - CONTINUOUS

Chester holds up a pair of faded, baggy jeans with a circular blue tag on the back.

CHESTER

Found some! These look... safe. They're from the Gap. My mom buys these.

CAVIAR

(Hissing softly)

"Safe" is the death of style, Chester. Put those back in the clearance bin where they belong. We are building a legend, not a middle-school librarian.

Caviar leaps onto a stack of folded denim, sniffing out the "good stuff" like a bloodhound. He kicks a pair of jeans toward Chester.



## CAVIAR

Look at the label. Levi's 501s. Vintage. Not the new, stretchy ones—these are the real deal. Heavy-duty cotton. They have a "button fly," Chester. Zippers are for amateurs.

## CHESTER

(Struggling with the buttons)

These are kind of hard to close.

CAVIAR

That's the "Authentic Struggle." Now, look to your left. The dark denim with the eagle on the pocket.

CHESTER

(Reading the tag)

Emporio Armani? These look... fancy. Like something a spy would wear.

CAVIAR

Exactly. Tailored for a slim fit. They make your legs look longer, which helps with that "clumsy giraffe" walk of yours. But wait—look at the rack behind the counter. The ones with the gold Medusa head.

CHESTER

(Eyes wide)

Versace? Caviar, I can't wear Versace to a science fair! I'll look like I'm about to drop a rap album.

CAVIAR

(Purring)

Precisely. You wear the 501s for "Art Class Cool." You wear the Armani for "First Date Confidence." And the Versace? You save those for when you want to walk into the cafeteria and make everyone drop their tater tots in awe.

CHESTER

Found some! These look... safe. They're from the Gap. My mom buys these.

CAVIAR

(Hissing softly)

"Safe" is the death of style, Chester. Put those back in the clearance bin where they belong. We are building a legend, not a middle-school librarian.

Caviar leaps onto a stack of folded denim, sniffing out the "good stuff" like a bloodhound. He kicks a pair of jeans toward Chester.

CHESTER

(Skeptical)

Will they even fit?

CAVIAR

(Looking him up and down)

They're a size 28. You're a 28. It's fate, Chester. The Oracle didn't send me here to buy you khakis. Now, take the Armani and the Levi's. We'll leave the Versace for when you've mastered the "Cool Walk."

CHESTER

(Grinning)

Okay. No Gap. I'm a "Vintage 501" guy now.

CAVIAR

(Nodding)

There's hope for you yet. Now, to the shoes. If I see one more Velcro strap, I'm going back to the Celestial Plaza.

FADE OUT.

In this story, Caviar the Cat was so distracted by his new Cast Iron "Chester" jeans that he completely forgot to pick up the scripted Neiman Marcus sweater to complete the look.

In this next part of the script, Caviar continues his expert "excavation" of the thrift store racks. He identifies a high-quality Neiman Marcus cashmere sweater for Chester, teaching him that true luxury is about quality and feel, not just flashy logos.

Monticelli Cashmere

The Script: The Softest Secret

INT. "SECOND CHANCES" THRIFT STORE - CONTINUOUS

Caviar trots purposefully toward a neglected bin labeled "ALL SWEATERS \$6." He pauses, his nose twitching.

CAVIAR

There. In the corner. That grey lump that looks like a retired cloud. Pull it out.

Chester reaches in and pulls out a plain, charcoal-grey crewneck sweater. It's slightly wrinkled and looks completely ordinary.

CHESTER

This? It doesn't even have a logo. How is it "cool"?



CAVIAR

(Eyes glowing)

Because, Chester, "cool" doesn't scream for attention. It whispers. Put your hand inside.

Chester slides his hand into the sleeve. His eyes go wide.

## CHESTER

Whoa. It's... it's so soft. It doesn't feel like wool. It feels like...

## CAVIAR

Cashmere. Real, two-ply cashmere from Neiman Marcus. Look at the label inside the neck.

Chester flips the tag. It's a simple, elegant white label with "Neiman Marcus" in a crisp, serif font.

## CAVIAR

Notice the stitching. See how even and tight those stitches are? And feel the weight—it's light as air but will keep you warmer than that heavy, scratchy polyester hoodie you're wearing. This is a "Grade A" fiber.

Luxury Pashmina Shawl

## CHESTER

But it's six dollars. If it's so fancy, why is it here?

CAVIAR

"Quiet luxury," Chester. Now, let's find some corduroys. And don't you dare look at those cargo pants with eighteen pockets.

Monticelli Cashmere

FADE OUT.

Chester walks into the store, eyeing the accessories aisle, and spots a pair of Gucci eyeglasses made in Italy. He picks them up, noticing the authentic GG serial number.

Chester: “Are these real Caviar?”

Caviar: “Yep, totally! Let me ‘seenerd’ these eyeglasses and turn them into Gucci ones.”

Chester: “Cool, thanks! These are only \$1.49! Wow!”

Caviar: “Good find, Chester! Real Gucci for that price? Crazy!”

Chester's eyes move to a pair of Ray-Ban sunglasses.

Chester: "Wow, I love these basic black Ray-Bans. Made in Italy, too. And only \$1.49!"

Caviar: "Oh, that's from the 1970s or 1980s. Great vintage find."

Chester: "What's B&L?"

Caviar: "That stands for Bausch & Lomb. It's the old maker of Ray-Bans before Luxottica took over. Classic stuff."

Next, Chester shifts to shoes. He picks up a pair of Puma low cuts.

Chester: "I like these Puma low cuts."

Caviar: "Me too! How much?"

Chester: "\$7.49, size 9."

Caviar: "Not bad. But you could also try these Orisis black high tops. They'd go perfectly with black jeans and Italian leather pants."

Chester: "How much are they?"

Caviar: "\$6.49, size 9. Those are a steal!"

Chester: “I think I’m done shopping. Learning how to be cool and posed... got the general idea.”

Caviar: “You’re getting there, Chester! Just remember, confidence is key.”

Chester looks around one last time and spots a cool poster of a girl in a sleek car.

Chester: “I love this poster of the girl in the cool car.”



Caviar: “I get it, Chester. Great touch for the vibe.”

They check out, and Chester leaves feeling like he’s got the right gear for his new, cool style. The scene fades out, leaving Chester with a sense of style he never knew he had.

This rephrasing captures the fun vibe and flow of the conversation, keeping it casual and adding a touch of style! Does this version feel good to you?

FADES OUT.

## Chapter: "Learning How to Be Cool and Posed"

Chester stood in front of his bedroom mirror, his eyes scanning his reflection. It was more than just the new Gucci eyeglasses or the Puma shoes. He had started to feel something inside him shift—an unfamiliar sense of self-assuredness. But, despite the new look, Chester knew he still had a lot to learn about how to be cool and poised.

He had the basics down: walk confidently, speak with purpose, and dress the part. But there was something more, something deeper. The real question was how to make all of it feel natural, effortless, not forced.

## Chapter: "Learning How to Be Cool and Posed"

Chester stood in front of his bedroom mirror, eyes scanning his reflection. His new Gucci glasses fit just right, and his Puma low cuts felt comfortable. Still, something about him felt a little... off. It was as if he was missing the final ingredient to make it all come together. He had the look, but he needed to make it feel natural. That was the tricky part.

Caviar, as always, appeared out of nowhere, leaning against the doorframe with his signature relaxed, confident smile.

Caviar: "So, Chester. How's the vibe going?"

Chester: “I feel like I’m getting there, but I don’t know if I’m really pulling it off yet. Like, I know I look the part, but I’m not sure if I’ve got the... I don’t know, the right energy yet.”

Caviar: “Ah, I see. You’ve got the gear, but now you’ve got to own it. Here’s the deal: being cool isn’t just about looking like you belong—it’s about feeling like you belong.”

Chester nodded, eager for more.

Caviar: “Alright, first lesson: Body language. Confidence is key. It’s not just what you wear or say—it’s how you carry yourself. If you walk in with your shoulders slouched, looking like you’re not sure if you should even be there, that’s the energy you’ll give off. Straighten up, walk with purpose.”

Chester straightened his back, trying to adjust his posture.

Chester: “Like this?”

Caviar: “Better, but remember: relax. Don’t look stiff. You’re not a robot. Keep it natural. Walk like you own the place, but not like you’re trying to make everyone look at you. It’s subtle.”

Chester took a few steps around the room, practicing. He felt a little more at ease. The key, it seemed, was confidence without overdoing it.

Chester: “Okay, I think I’m getting it. What about when I talk to people? I’m still not sure what to say.”

Caviar: “Talking is easy, bro. The trick is to listen more than you talk. People don’t care about what you know—they care about what they feel when they talk to you. When you show genuine interest, they’ll automatically want to talk to you more. Don’t try too hard to impress. It’s the little things that matter.”

Chester: “So, don’t be all like, ‘Hey, look at my cool stuff!’ but more like... ‘What’s up with you? What’s your story?’”

Caviar: “Exactly. Ask questions. Make them feel heard. When you listen, you create a bond. And don’t forget to smile. A real smile goes a long way. And here’s the most important part: don’t be afraid to be yourself. People respect that.

Chester stood at the entrance of the school, his heart racing with a mix of excitement and anticipation. He adjusted his new Gucci glasses, took a deep breath, and stepped forward with confidence. As he walked through the doors, he felt the coolness settle in—this wasn't just about the look anymore. It was about owning it, walking in like he belonged.

The familiar chatter of students filled the air, but Chester didn't feel out of place. He nodded to a few people in the hallway, a small smile playing on his lips. For the first time, he wasn't trying to fit in—he just was. And that, he realized, was the key to it all.

Chester stands at the entrance of the school cafeteria, feeling the buzz of excitement in the air. It's his big debut—his first real chance to test out everything Caviar taught him. He's got the look: the Gucci glasses, the Puma low cuts, the swagger that says, "Yeah, I belong here." But more importantly, he's got the confidence.

Chester: (to himself, adjusting his glasses in the reflection of a nearby window) "Alright, let's do this. Just be chill."

He steps into the cafeteria, his heart racing just a bit, but he's determined not to let it show. He spots a few familiar faces, but he's not heading straight for them. Instead, he scans the room, looking for new opportunities to connect.



He notices a girl sitting by herself at a table, flipping through a book. She's not just pretty—there's something intriguing about her. Chester takes a deep breath, walking confidently over.

Chester: “Hey, that book looks interesting. What are you reading?”

The girl looks up, surprised but intrigued. She smiles.

Girl: “Oh, hey! It's a book on graphic design. I'm really into creating digital art. Do you like design?”

Chester thinks for a moment, not just giving a random answer.

Chester: “Yeah, I’ve been into it. You know, playing around with some stuff. Nothing serious, but it’s fun. What do you like about it?”

She lights up, clearly excited to talk about something she’s passionate about.

Girl: “I love how it combines creativity with tech. It’s like making something from nothing. Do you do any graphic design?”

Chester: “A little. I’m more into the creative side, like drawing and photography. But I can totally see the appeal. Maybe you could show me some of your work sometime.”

Girl: “That’d be awesome! I can show you some stuff later.”

Chester smiles, feeling a wave of success. He didn't just walk in and try to impress her—he listened, connected, and asked about something that mattered to her. That was the secret, after all. Confidence, but not arrogance.

He makes a mental note to talk to her again—maybe even work on something creative together.

Now, he's feeling the vibe. The cafeteria is buzzing, but Chester's presence feels different. He spots a group of students at a table who seem to be having a good time, laughing and joking. Chester walks over, not too eager but definitely friendly.

Chester: "Mind if I join you guys?"

They glance up, a couple of them exchanging looks. One of them grins.

Student 1: "Sure, man! Pull up a chair."

The conversation starts flowing. Chester joins in with jokes, listens to what others have to say, and contributes his thoughts when he feels it's right. He doesn't dominate the conversation, but he fits right in. His new confidence isn't loud, it's just... there. And it's working.

By the end of lunch, Chester realizes something. He's not just hanging out with people because he wants to be cool—he's making real connections. He talks with the girl about graphic design, shares a laugh with his new friends, and feels like he belongs.

Chester: (thinking to himself as he heads to class) “This is what it feels like to be cool... but real.”

Over the next few days, Chester continues to build on his newfound vibe. More students start saying hi, and his social circle expands. People notice the change—not just in his style, but in how he carries himself.

Over the next few days, Chester continues to build on his newfound vibe. More students start saying hi, and his social circle expands. People notice the change—not just in his style, but in how he carries himself.

Caviar: “How’s the debut going, Chester?”

Chester: “Honestly, better than I expected. I’m making new friends, and... talking to people feels easier. I get it now. It’s all about just being yourself, but with confidence.”

Caviar: “Told you, man. That’s the power of being real. And now, you’ve got the gear to match it.”

Chester looks around, realizing that the cool guy he’s been striving to become isn’t just a look—it’s the way he interacts with the world. And now, the world’s reacting back.

Caviar: “Alright, Chester. I got to head out now. My work here is done.” He gave Chester a knowing nod. “You’ve got the skills, the look, and the attitude. Now, just keep it real, and keep growing. Don’t forget what we’ve talked about. Confidence, but always stay true to yourself meow.”

Chester gave him a grin, feeling a little more grounded.

Chester: “Thanks, Caviar. I won’t forget. I think I finally get it. It’s not just about looking cool, it’s about being cool inside first.”

Caviar: “Exactly. And remember, the work doesn’t stop now. The real journey’s just getting started. But you’ve got this.”

With one last nod, Caviar disappeared, fading into the crowd like he was never really there. Chester stood there for a moment, feeling like he was ready to take on whatever the day had in store.

The End.